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of the island at once. They were now generally expelled, for a time : but expulsion was a matter of small moment to a people who fled to their ships only for safety, and to their native homes for succour. They soon returned with reinforcements, and continued their course of general devastation; in the year 1014, after many partial and occasional defeats, their pride was more effectually humbled by Brian Boromhe or Boru, in the celebrated battle of Clontarf. Thenceforth the Northmen seem to have relinquished the hope of conquering the island, and those of them who remained at length applied themselves to the arts of peace and civilization. Of Doctor O'Connor's life and literary labours in the succeeding paper. E. J.

LINES

Written on viewing a portrait (after Reynolds,) of the Right Hon. Edmond Burke, in possession of his Nephew, Thomas Haviland Burke, Esq.

BY JAMES PRIOR, ESQ.

Where genius dwelt, how keen we aim to trace
Her glories beaming through the pictur'd face ;
Search o'er each feature for the mind within,
Strive, ere it start to life, the thought to win ;
Fain to believe such outward signs there be
Of powers whose force we feel and source would see ;
An eye or brow approve, a forehead blame,
Speak as if such, not soul, were stamp'd for fame,
Think heaven's first gift, on few though doom'd to fall,
Is, if not given to these, withheld from all.
Yet can this art, by nature's laws confin'd,
E'er to our view reveal unfathom'd mind ?
Drag from its depths, as fishers do their prey,
A struggling passion, as a victim they ?
Embody truth, to science point our gaze ?
Forth cause the burst of eloquence to blaze ?
Give talents shape, or seize the flash of wit ?
And on the canvas fix them as they flit ?
So, Burke ! how vain the painter's work to scan
For fires that warm'd, illum'd the living man !
How vain to hope that colours shall impart
The statesman's deep resolve, the speaker's art,
The prescient view which taught and led the way,
How ill to ward, and men o'er men to sway.
The counsel giv'n so vainly, yet so well,
How with Columbian kin our strife to quell.
The skill to mark Gaul's wild and withering storm,
Yet mar its aim to level, not reform.
The tongue whose wit and wisdom senates knew,
The pen whose truths through wondering Europe flew,
Rous'd to defence the good, the bad disarm'd,
And ev'n the cool to patriot ardour warm'd.
The store of large philosophy disclose,
Or fancy's tints, or genius' labouring throes.
The gen'rous warmth depict, the anxious breast,
Fir'd oft to wrath when shielding the oppress'd.
The taste which depth with eloquence display'd,
Virtues that shunn'd the glare, but lov'd the shade.
Morals preserv'd midst many a public snare,
A youth of study and an age of care.
Bounty that gave a kind support and aim
To humble merit till she grew to fame.
The treasur'd lore, the heart with worth imbued,
Fraught with all greatness, yet more fraught with good.
How then shall art such varied gifts unfold ?—
Such Reynolds' pen and lips, not pencil, told. J. P.